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## *EMERSON FROM AN INDIAN POINT OF VIEW*

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Of the eminent writers who are the exponents of the spiritual movement of the nineteenth century, those whose influence is most widely acknowledged—Wordsworth, Shelley, Carlyle, Emerson—have two notable characteristics: first, they either give a very subordinate place to dogma or reject it altogether; secondly, they lay great stress on truths which from remote antiquity have most deeply impressed the Oriental mind and have been uttered with the greatest power in the East. The influence of Wordsworth as a spiritual teacher will ever be felt, in spite of the “Ecclesiastical Sonnets,” to lie, not in his championship of orthodox Christianity, but in his awakening men to a sense of the Infinite revealed in the finite and to a consciousness of the immanence of the divine Spirit in the outer and the inner world. These are the truths which inspire some of Shelley’s noblest lines. They find utterance in Carlyle’s wisest words. And they occupy the foremost place in Emerson’s message to an unspiritual world. Hence the power with which Wordsworth and Emerson appeal to the Oriental mind. They translate into the language of modern culture what was uttered by the sages of ancient India in the loftiest strains. They breathe a new life into our old faith, and they assure its stability and progress by incorporating with it precious truths revealed or brought into prominence by the wider intellectual and ethical outlook of the modern spirit. Before I dwell at any length on the spiritual affinity between the teachings of the East and the mind of Emerson, it will be convenient to consider some of his intellectual traits, which give us a key to the right interpretation of his faith.

The success of a teacher in spreading his thoughts and principles depends more upon their inherent worth, the earnestness with which they are presented, the feelings and imaginative associations they awaken, than upon the logical force of the propositions in which they are embodied. It is not those who are ready to support every statement by arguments, but those who appeal to the heart and imagination, that exercise the widest influence. Emerson belongs to this latter class. As an exponent of certain great ideas, he relies more upon the value of the ideas themselves than upon arguments. He seldom resorts to careful reasoning. This is partly due to the nature of the truths he teaches, which are almost unprovable and can only be apprehended by moral or spiritual experience. But it is also the result of the disposition of his mind. "I do not know," he says, "what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in believing what I think, but if you ask how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men." He values insight more than clever reasoning. "It was a grand sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg," he says, "which would alone indicate the greatness of that man's perceptions: 'It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence.'" Himself gifted with extraordinary spiritual insight, this is the gift he most admires in others. After he had met Carlyle for the first time, he remarked that he had known many men of humbler intellectual powers who had a clearer spiritual vision than he. He says characteristically, "We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake that we are awake." His bold counsel to the man who believes without being able to give a reason for it, is, "Trust the instinct to the end though you can render no reason." "Why should I give up my thought," he says, "because I cannot answer an objection to it?" "With consistency," according to him, "a great soul has nothing to do." "To great results of thought and morals," he tells Carlyle, "the steps are not many, and it is not the masters who spin the ostentatious continuity." Living in an age when an argument is demanded for everything, and when logical acuteness is considered

the great mark of superior intelligence, Emerson not only prefers insight to the power to demonstrate, spiritual perception to flawless reasoning, but he boldly defends this preference. With him, as with every great spiritual teacher, the divine intuitions of the soul are "the fountain light of all our day."

While his utterances are deeply religious, his aversion to formal or logical statements keeps them free from the slightest tinge of dogmatism. He shows the most marked aversion to theological disquisitions, and has no sympathy with those who are perplexed by theological difficulties, which he thinks never presented a practical difficulty to any man,—“never darkened across any man’s road, who did not go out of his way to seek them.” Puzzling questions like original sin, the origin of evil, or predestination he regards as the “mumps and measles and whooping-coughs” of the soul. “A simple mind,” he declares, “will not know these enemies.”

Another remarkable trait of Emerson’s mind is its irresistible, ever-present tendency to see things in their entirety, to view everything in relation to the whole of which it is a part, in relation to the cause of which it is the effect, in relation to the idea of which it is the expression. Whatever is suggestive of large relationships has an attraction for him. Astrology interested him as it “tied man” to the universe. “Instead of an isolated beggar, the farthest star felt him, and he felt the star.” A circle made by a pebble in a pond sets him thinking of the paths of the planets. The long intervals between the letters he receives from a friend would make him impatient, “but that they savor always of eternity,” he says, and promise him a friendship not reckoned by years. He begins his essay on “Circles” characteristically: “The eye is the first circle, the horizon which it forms is the second, and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end.” In this he sees a hint, an outward symbol, of the nature of God, described by St. Augustine as a circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. And thus the least of things leads him up to the thought of the Infinite, the Eternal,—for the light of this great Idea so lights the chambers of his soul that it is reflected back by everything he receives into his mind. His topics range from the Over-soul to farming; but whatever his theme

he "hitches his wagon to a star," to use a favorite phrase of his, and illuminates the homeliest subject by pouring a flood of spiritual light upon it.

The material, the visible, has no finality to Emerson. Its purpose is only to suggest the invisible, the spiritual. The humblest concerns of life are interpreted by him in the light of spiritual truths. The merchant's economy is to him "a coarse symbol of the soul's economy. It is to spend for power and not for pleasure. It is to invest income; that is to say, to take up particulars into generals; days into integral eras,—literary, emotive, practical,—of its life, and still to ascend in its investment." The forms, speech, and manners of men and women who attract him have to him "a largeness of suggestion," and they "carry a certain grandeur like time and justice." Everything has a symbolic or suggestive character to him. Around every circle another can be drawn; this suggests to him "the moral fact of the Unattainable, the flying Perfect, around which the hands of man can never meet." He views the present in the light of the future, the best experiences of our earthly life being to him a foretaste and an assurance of the blessed experiences that are to be ours hereafter. Milton, he says, anticipated the leading thought of Swedenborg when he wrote:

"What if earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein,  
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought?"

This idea pervades his own thoughts, and hence the sympathy with which he interprets the genius of Swedenborg. To him the spiritual world alone is real; of that original the outer world is a copy; of that cause it is the effect; of that supreme reality it is a hint. He objects, however, to Swedenborg's method of fastening each natural object to a particular theological idea; for, he says, "each individual symbol plays innumerable parts," and "in the transmission of the heavenly waters, every hose fits every hydrant." The high value which Emerson attaches to the spiritual interpretation of the outward world is strikingly shown by his verdict on Shakspere, who, he regrets, rested in the beauty of outward things, without seeking to ascend higher and unfold their spiritual meaning. It needed courage to speak thus of Shak-

spere. But he forgets that the cunning of the dramatist's genius would have failed him here. To Emerson such an interpretation of things seems easy, for it is a leaven that leaveneth all his thoughts. A pervading sense of the Infinite and faith in Mind as the supreme reality are among the most marked characteristics which Emerson and Carlyle have in common. Music leads the mind of the one to the edge of the Infinite. A beautiful face is to the other a key to the hidden meaning of the universe. The steamship is the Scottish brass-smith's Idea sailing round the world, says one. The true ship is the ship-builder, says the other. They dissolve all things into thought, reduce all things to their primal origin—the Mind. Chemistry, vegetation, metals, and animals are to them words of God.

This living faith in the Infinite, this insistent sense of the reality of the Unseen, makes Emerson a mystic in the noblest sense of the word. "By mysticism we mean," says Jowett, "not the extravagance of an erring fancy, but the concentration of reason in feeling, the enthusiastic love of the Good, the True, the One, the sense of the infinity of knowledge, and of the marvel of the human faculties." Something needs to be added to this. He is the mystic to whom the invisible is more real than the visible, who is haunted and waylaid by the thought of the Unseen, who yearns for the Infinite with a passionate yearning. It is mysticism to see more than most men into the depths of life, into the hidden things of the universe. "Men live," says Emerson, "on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside." The writer of these words did not die outside. He had plunged into the harmonies. Hence was it that mysticism had such a charm for him. He thinks the greatest attraction which London has for the imagination is that "in such a vast variety of people and conditions we can believe there is room for persons of romantic character to exist, and that the poet, the mystic, the hero, may hope to confront their counterparts." He regrets that the Swedenborgians in general "receive the fable instead of the moral of their *Æsop*"; still he finds them deeply interesting, and thinks they must "contribute more than all other sects to the new faith which must arise out of all."

That the best elements of mysticism may exist in absolute independence of the extravagance of an erring fancy is shown strikingly by the clearness of Emerson's intellect, by its sustained equipoise, its undisturbed faith in the reign of law, its sympathy with culture and with all that is essentially good in civilization. He says that the laws of nature play through trade as a toy battery exhibits the effects of electricity. The great lesson that natural science teaches us is the universality of law and "the continuation of the inflexible law of matter into the subtile kingdom of will, and of thought." The fact that the earth "never loses its way in its wild path through space" teaches us that a secreter gravitation, a secreter projection, rule not less tyrannically in human history. It is short-sightedness to limit our faith in laws to those of the physical world, for laws "do not stop where our eyes lose them." He unfolds the great thought which Wordsworth expresses so beautifully in his "Ode to Duty,"

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong,"

the thought that all law is one, that the law of gravitation is but the law of duty translated into the language of atoms. He does not believe in luck, he does not believe in chance. Success, he holds, can only be attained by "close application to the laws of the world, and since those laws are intellectual and moral, by intellectual and moral obedience." The value of political economy is in this, that it teaches us "the ascendancy of laws over all private and hostile influences." There is no element of caprice in the divine government of the universe. If he is a mystic, he is a clear-sighted one; nay, his mysticism lies in this, that he is able to see into the soul of things with an unclouded vision. Unswerving as is his faith in law, it only strengthens his faith in the goodness of God, it fills him with hope instead of depressing him. "Will not man one day," he asks, "open his eyes and see how dear he is to the soul of Nature,—how near it is to him? Will he not see through all he miscalls accident, that law prevails for ever and ever?" "When he perceives the law, he ceases to despond. Whilst he sees it, every thought and act is raised, and becomes an act of religion."

As Emerson's mysticism springs from keenness of vision, from a power to pierce through the mask of nature to the inner meaning of the universe, so is his religion, in its loftiest ascent, the noble product of a keen sense of beauty, which, like Wordsworth, Carlyle, Shelley, he possesses in a remarkable degree. What a noble tribute does Wordsworth pay to loveliness in his "Lines on a Highland Girl"! In *Sartor Resartus*, how does the bosom of Teufelsdröckh heave and swell under the power of Blumine; and Carlyle's impassioned homage to the beauty of the Princess de Lamballe is one of the most glowing pages in his *History of the French Revolution*. A divine discontent with all earthly beauty inspires Shelley's lines headed "The Question." Emerson calls a beautiful woman a practical poet who tames her savage mate, and plants tenderness, hope, and eloquence in all whom she approaches. He regards the refining influence of graceful and cultivated women as one of those elements of civilized life which contribute in a notable degree to the moral progress of the race. There is no monkish austerity in this saint. Beauty sends a thrill through his bosom which he is not ashamed to express. His "Ode to Beauty" could only have been written by one whose heart was pierced by the shaft of beauty. But he stands on a higher plane than Wordsworth, Shelley, and Carlyle in this, that with him the love of beauty is transformed into a spiritual passion, not occasionally, but as a constant affection of the pure mind. The love of beauty, aided by the moral sentiment, enables him to realize vividly the loveliness of virtue. The contemplation of a masterpiece of art, he says, produces a state of mind which may be called religious. In Greek architecture he sees an image of the beauty of temperance. And in him the sense of beauty attains a still higher elevation, reaching the loftiest form to which it can ascend. By union with the sense of the Infinite, it is exalted into a longing for the beauty of God, as a dew-drop touched by sunshine becomes a proclaimer of the glory of the sun. To Emerson all finite beauty is a promise and a hint of the uncontained beauty of the Supreme Being. Lovely forms, he says, do not point to "any relations of friendship or love known and described in society," but "to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness," to what "roses and violets hint



and foreshow." Then is personal beauty truly charming when it "suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions." These sentences read like an exposition of Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." The influence of Plato on both Shelley and Emerson is marked. Plato in the *Symposium* leads the mind step by step up to the thought of the Infinite Beauty. Shelley breaks forth into a strain of impassioned utterance. Emerson presents that great idea to our minds in suggestions and affirmations which show that he lives and moves in the divine atmosphere of that thought. He does not approach Shelley in the power of poetic expression. But to him belongs the far higher gift of a steady faith in the Divine Beauty that rules his entire being.

In some of the intellectual characteristics we have noticed, in Emerson's pervading sense of the Infinite, in his tendency to see things in their entirety, in his faith in the reality of the Unseen, we have the source of the fascination which the religious thought of the East has for him. The appreciative references to it which fill his pages show the breadth of his mind, his keen eye for truth in whatever garb it may be presented, and his power to draw inspiration from all sources. He concludes his inspiring essay on "Immortality" with a fable from the *Katha-Upanishad*. In naming his productions he has in two instances borrowed words from the East,—the poem "Brahma," and the essay on "The Over-soul," in which he perhaps reaches the climax of his power both as a writer and as a spiritual teacher. "Over-soul" is really the translation of a Sanskrit word, and the English language is indebted to Emerson for having enriched its vocabulary with a word of deep spiritual meaning. In this choice of names we have an indication of the reason of the attraction which ancient Hindu thought has for him. The thought of the One in the many, the thought of the Infinite revealed in the finite, which broods over his mind like

"a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by,"

is expressed with greater power and beauty in the sacred books of ancient India than anywhere else. "In all nations," says

Emerson, "there are minds which incline to dwell in the conception of the fundamental Unity. The raptures of prayer and ecstasy of devotion lose all Being in one Being. This tendency finds its highest expression in the religious writings of the East, and chiefly in the Indian Scriptures, in the Vedas, the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the *Vishnu Purana*. These writings contain little else than this idea, and they rise to pure and sublime strains in celebrating it." Of his poem "Brahma," which is the expansion of a line of the *Katha-Upanishad* reproduced in the *Bhagavad Gita*, Professor Lanman says: "The doctrine of the absolute unity finds perhaps its most striking expression in Sanskrit in the *Katha-Upanishad*; but nowhere, neither in Sanskrit nor in English, has it been presented with more vigor, truthfulness, and beauty of form than by Emerson in his famous lines paraphrasing the Sanskrit passage."

The thought of a Unity underlying all variety colors all his ideas. Speaking of works of art, he says, "What astonished and fascinated me in the first work astonished me in the second work also: that excellence of all things is one." The ultimate fact which we reach on every topic is, he says, "the resolution of all into the ever-blessed One." His language occasionally shows that tendency to merge the many altogether in the One, which is the basis of pantheism, and which so strongly characterizes the religious literature of ancient India. "The act of seeing and the thing seen," he says, "the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object are one. We see the world piece by piece as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul." These sentences remind us of the following passage of the *Chhandogya-Upanishad*: "Where one sees nothing else, hears nothing else, understands nothing else, that is the Infinite. Where one sees something else, hears something else, understands something else, that is the finite. The Infinite is immortal, the finite is mortal."

In reading Emerson, we feel that at times the thought of the Infinite rushes on like a sweeping tide and carries everything before it. But in order to interpret such utterances rightly we must take them together with others which supplement and qualify them; and we must bear in mind that they are the

expressions of a flowing current of thought or spiritual emotion, not rigid statements of a creed or dogma. Beautiful expressions of intense religious emotion become prolific sources of error when the only key to their right interpretation—the glow of imagination or spiritual fervor which inspired them—is lost, and they are applied literally and stiffened into articles of faith. Hence the apotheosis of man and the doctrine of Incarnation. Hence too the pantheistic doctrine of the absolute unity of man and God. “The religions of the world,” says Emerson, “are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men.” No, they are far more. But the ejaculations play a very important part in them. And too often, while they are remembered, the feelings from which they sprang are lost. Men are thus led astray from the truth. The careful reader of Emerson can have little excuse for such misinterpretation of his teachings. If he sometimes seems to lose his balance, he soon recovers it. He keeps his thoughts in a perpetual flow, never allowing them to harden into a particular form; and he freely expresses every thought as it arises, without caring for consistency. With all his admiration for the mystic, he condemns him because he “nails a symbol to one sense” and “takes an accidental and individual symbol for an universal one.” “The universe is the externization of the soul,” he says. “The soul feels that the grass grows and the stone falls by a law inferior to and dependent upon its nature.” Again: “The world is the perennial miracle which the soul worketh.” But we recover our breath when we read: “The mind does not create what it perceives, any more than the eye creates the rose.” His most serious utterances on the relation of the human soul to God clearly assert the fundamental tenet of spiritual theism,—the union, not the unity, of the human soul and the Infinite Spirit: “Let man, then, learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart; this namely, that the Highest dwells with him.” “The soul gives itself, alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who on that condition gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it.” Perhaps the most explicit statement in all Emerson’s writings on the nature of the relationship of the human soul to the Infinite Mind is the following: “Man begins to hear a voice that fills the heavens and the earth, saying that God is

within him. . . . I find this amazing revelation of my immediate relation to God, a solution of all the doubts that oppressed me. I recognize the distinction of the outer and the inner self; the double consciousness that within this erring, passionate, mortal self sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know; but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the face which the Creator uncovers to his child." Here he beautifully unfolds a well-known thought of Hindu theology,—a thought allegorically expressed by the soul and the Over-soul being likened to two birds dwelling together on one tree.

Passages like the above clearly show that Emerson's denial of the personality of God means an affirmation of the divine infinitude, not a denial of consciousness or intelligence as an attribute of the Supreme Being. To him, as to many others, the idea of personality is associated with that of limitation. "We cannot say," he declares, "God is self-conscious or not self-conscious, for the moment we cast our eye on that dread nature, it soars infinitely out of all definition and dazzles all inquest." He understands personality to mean finiteness. Nay, he even associates that idea, as we see from a passage in his essay on "Immortality," with the lower impulses and selfish instincts of human nature. But the essential meaning of personality is mind, thought, consciousness; and this he affirms of the Supreme Being in the clearest manner. What can be meant by "seeking counsel" of an unconscious being in one's doubts? In his essay on "Self-reliance" he gives us this advice: "In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color." And he yields heart and life to his own devout motions, which bring with them a clear revelation of the divine mind. Nay, with him faith in the Supreme Intelligence is an abiding conviction not affected by the tides of the inner life. "We lie," he says, "in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity." He teaches us to seek intellectual inspiration from

the Infinite Mind. He hears the comforting voice of God when bowed by bereavement. There can, in fact, be no clearer affirmation of the sacred right of communion with the Supreme Mind which belongs to every human soul than we have in the teachings of Emerson. And it is in communion that he, like Plato and the seers of ancient India, has a revelation of the glorious truth of immortality. Every man, he says, parts from the contemplation of the universal and eternal beauty "with the feeling that it rather belongs to ages than to mortal life." This is the experience that inspires the utterance of the Hindu sage: "By knowing Him alone does one pass beyond death." "What," Emerson writes to Carlyle, "have we to do with old age? Our existence looks to me more than ever initial. We have come to see the ground and look up materials and tools." When sorrow casts a gloom around his path he hears the divine voice:

"Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;  
Heart's love will meet thee again."

After Emerson's earthly career had come to an end, James Freeman Clarke began an address on his life with these words: "The saying of the liturgy is true and wise, that in the midst of life we are in death. But it is still more true that in the midst of death we are in life." An address on such a life could not have been more appropriately begun. What a wealth of faith belonged to him who could say with unquestionable sincerity, "We are all great, all rich, in God"!

In Emerson's capacious nature there is room for the expansion and alertness of the West, as well as the concentration and serenity of the East. While he has a pervading consciousness of the Infinite as the supreme reality, he also recognizes the reality of the individual soul. He has in a large measure the polarity which he attributes to Plato. "A man is a centre for nature," he says. "If there were any magnet that would point to the countries and houses where are the persons who are intrinsically rich and powerful, I would sell all and buy it, and put myself on the road to-day." He speaks most impressively of the value of human endeavor, of the need of using aright the opportunities of the passing hour, of the supreme importance of training the will. To the

seeker of spiritual enlightenment his advice is, "Work and live, work and live." "Sufficient unto the day are the duties thereof," he says. "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace." "Do your work and you shall reinforce yourself." These are precepts which we in the East should inscribe on the tablets of our hearts. His ideal is the absolute harmony of work and worship, attained through perfect obedience to the divine will. Speaking of self-reliance, he says, "Let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause." On the first page of his essay on "Self-reliance," we have the following beautiful sentence: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages." This inwardness, this attitude of listening for the accents of the soul, is of the East. "You are," he says, "preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going?" This, like Milton's line,

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

is the very essence of the noblest ethical teaching of the *Bhagavad Gita*. For whatever the practice of the East may have been, the precept "work is worship" could not be more impressively inculcated than it has been in the *Gita*. With these devout spirits duty is but a form of communion. It must be acknowledged, however, that at times Emerson yields to optimism of the Oriental type and underestimates the need of human effort. He tells Carlyle that the truth can very well spare him and have itself spoken by another without leaving it or him the worse. Speaking of reformers he says: "Many a reformer perishes in his removal of rubbish, and that makes the offensiveness of the class. . . . They expend all their energy on some accidental evil, and lose their sanity and power of benefit. It is of little moment that one or two, or twenty, errors of our social system be corrected, but of much that the man be in his senses." Such language is disheartening. A man may well be forgiven a little flurry when

his neighbor's house is on fire. But such an attitude on his part is due, in some measure at least, to the insincerity and vanity he sees in many of those who assail existing institutions. And some of the most notable acts of his life are impressive object-lessons on the duty of courageous and active resistance to wrong. How noble and inspiring is the remonstrance addressed by him to the President of the United States when the Cherokees were about to be expelled from the state of Georgia! And, when Lovejoy was killed by a pro-slavery mob, we are told by eye-witnesses that Emerson's reference to him in a lecture as one who had fallen a martyr for the rights of free speech made a cold shudder "run through the audience at the calm braving of the current opinion." Great events powerfully affect great minds. The French Revolution made Edmund Burke lose his balance. The conflict with slavery enabled Emerson to gain the balance which he sometimes lacked. Dr. Garnett says that what rescues Emerson's optimism from moral indifference of the Oriental type is the fact that "his writings are full of the loftiest lessons of renunciation." But renunciation could nowhere be more impressively inculcated or practised than it has been in the East. It is righteous indignation and insistence on the value of human effort that deliver Emerson from moral languor. His faith in the greatness of man's destiny, his lofty ideals, and his sincerity inspire him with a passion for moral and spiritual freedom which nothing can subdue. To his own ideal he clings with unswerving fidelity. When he "rests in perfect humility," when he "burns with pure love," Calvin or Swedenborg has nothing to teach him. He feels that before the immense possibilities of the human race and of every individual soul, the greatest men the world has known shrink into nothing. He laments that even a Jesus should be "confounded with virtue and the possible of man." This prophet has a stern independence, though he speaks in gentle accents and his bearing is meek. In this union of meekness and courage, of freedom and reverence, of an eager acceptance of the heritage of the past and a conviction that greater things belong to the future, of faith in an all-pervading Deity and a sense of the reality of human life and the responsibility of man, we have a most striking example of the harmonious union of the modern spirit with the noblest teachings of ancient times.

In India the influence of Emerson has been deeply felt by many of those who have received Western education. It would be well if his influence extended to larger numbers. But the loftier the aims of the teacher, the smaller the band of disciples; and many, it must be admitted, are repelled by the peculiarities of Emerson's style. At a time when Western ideas have such a fascination for us, we need the aid of such teachers in discriminating between what is wholesome and what is hurtful in them. He is one of those wise men who, while they have amply participated in the intellectual activity of their day, have resisted and rebuked its vices and follies, and who have contributed in a large measure to its noblest moral and spiritual tendencies. Amidst the perplexities created by the conflict of the past and the present, of the East and the West, he is a safe guide; and amidst the depressing influences of life he is an unfailing source of strength and inspiration.

The invaluable service that Emerson renders to us is that he recalls us from the vanities of life to its abiding realities. His power as a spiritual teacher lies mainly in the fact that every word he utters comes from his inmost heart, and he is himself loyal to the high ideal he sets before others. He awakened noble intellectual aspirations in others by his pen and voice; and he was himself gifted with a powerful intellect and a deeply thoughtful mind which were consecrated to study and high thinking. He said that love is the affirmative of affirmatives, and no man had a more tender heart than he. He was full of boundless hope for the future of the human race and of every individual soul. He was guided and inspired by unfaltering faith in the divine goodness and beauty; he was cheered by steady hope; and his was a love which, while it flowed freely forth on all sides, was in the intimate relationships of life tremulous with emotion tender as woman's.

Carlyle would often send across the Atlantic to his illustrious friend the brief but significant query, "Watchman, what sayest thou?" Next to seeking counsel of God, we cannot do better than turn to such a watchman, and ask him in all seriousness, "What sayest thou?"